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Washington Memo

From the Tribune's Washington Staff

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Penalty: Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson now really enjoys the free-swinging gabfests at Washington cocktail parties. He will stand for hours telling yarns and swapping wisecracks. A long session one recent night was finally broken up only because a total stranger to the secretary moved in on the huddle and insisted on telling, at length, (1) the smart thing his hunting dog had done, and (2) the trouble he had getting rid of the rattle in the front door of his Cadillac.

Salesmanship: One of Secretary Wilson's stories was about how he came to buy his new cattle farm in Louisiana. He said the clincher was when the owner asked the farm hands who work the place to come up to the "big house" to meet the prospective buyer. Several of the Negro workers stood out in front and sang a spiritual to Wilson, a song called "I Been 'buked, Scorned, and Talked About." Wilson, who's been rebuked, scorned, and talked about as much as any man in town, said it made him feel that he and the farm folks had a lot in common, and he decided to buy.



Wilson

Norse vs. Svenska: The usual friendly raillery goes on between employees of the Norwegian and Swedish embassies, but right now the Norwegians seem to have the better of it. They were delighted with the uproar about an American magazine article on "Sin in Sweden," and now refer to the neighboring country as "The Land of the Midnight Sin."

C. I. Aviator: Allen Dulles, director of the central intelligence agency, will be faced with a transportation problem when the big spy headquarters moves to a new building to be put up somewhere far out on the perimeter of Washington. He now is thinking seriously of using a helicopter to surmount the traffic tangle when he has to come downtown for conferences. He has investigated far enough to pick out possible landing spots—in the back yard of the White House, or on the roof of the commerce department building across the street.